

# MARSHALL COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

A National Republican Newspaper. Devoted to Constitutional Liberty, Union, and every true Interest of the Country.

VOL. 5.—NO. 17.]

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1861.

[WHOLE NO. 225.]

## The Republican.

OFFICE,  
NICHOLS ST., between Adams and Jefferson.  
I. MATTHEWS & SON,  
EDITORS, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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At the end of the year, 2.50  
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Advertisements will be accepted and will be allowed twenty percent commission, but no advertisement of any kind will be inserted at less than regular rates.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**D. T. PHILLIPS,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.  
Will practice and make collections in the counties of Marshall, Putnam, Boone, Adams, Morgan, Randolph, and Wayne, Indiana. Office in Room No. 3, West on Block, PLYMOUTH, IND.

**W. S. STAFFORD,**  
Justice of the Peace,  
General Collection Agent,  
PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.  
Office one door south of the Bank, Michigan street.  
Will take acknowledgments of Deeds and Mortgages, attend to the making of Deeds, and give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. [May 3]

**JAMES O. PARKS,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Land and Collection Agent,  
BOURBON, MARSHALL CO., IND.  
apt 13, 1859 251

**LAW NOTICE.—T. S. STAFFORD,**  
of South Bend, Ind., & A. JOHNSON, of Plymouth, Ind., have associated themselves together for the practice of the law, in all the Courts of Marshall County. Mr. Stafford will personally attend to the management of all business. [May 2nd]

**GORBIN & OSBORNE,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
OFFICE IN BANK BUILDING,  
PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

**D. R. A. GROVER,** having located at BATES'S MILL, six miles north of Rochester, on the Michigan R.R., solicits a share of public patronage. [May 2nd]

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Dr. R. C. Kirtland, Valparaiso, Indiana.  
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## THE REPUBLICAN.

Incidents of the History of Indiana.  
BY WARREN TAYLOR.

**CHAPTER III.**  
In November, 1791, Gov. St. Clair sustained a bloody defeat within the present limits of Mercer county, Ohio, and about one and a half miles east of the Indiana line. Six hundred troops were left dead upon the field, and many others afterwards died of their wounds.

At other points the American army met with some degree of success. In June, 1791, Gen. Scott, of Kentucky, led a body of troops against an Indian village on the Wabash, and near the Wea Prairie. The Indians after a slight resistance fled, and their wigwags with the cornfields in the vicinity were destroyed. Two villages besides this, one at the mouth of the Tippecanoe, and the other near the mouth of the Vermillion also shared the same fate. This work of destruction accomplished, the Kentuckians returned home without loss. In August of the same year, another expedition from Kentucky, commanded by Gen. Wilkinson, fell upon an Indian village on the Eel river, about six miles above the junction of that stream with the Wabash. The Indians fled without making a show of resistance. Destroying everything of value, the Kentuckians marched from this place in a westerly direction, with the design of reaching another village which was supposed to lie somewhere in this course. After proceeding about eight miles, they found impassable marshes in the way, and inclining to the Wabash they followed that stream to the mouth of the Tippecanoe. The large village at this place which had been destroyed in June previous, they now found completely rebuilt, while over the recently ruined cornfields a new and promising crop was approaching maturity. The same was found to be the case with the Wea and Vermillion villages, which were subsequently visited by Wilkinson's party. Dooming all to a second destruction, the Kentuckians returned home without the loss of one of their number. The quantity of corn destroyed during this expedition, was estimated by Gen. Wilkinson at four hundred and fifty acres.

Gov. St. Clair soon after his defeat retired from the army, and was succeeded by Gen. Anthony Wayne of Pennsylvania. The latter officer, after an unsuccessful attempt to treat with the Indians, proceeded with a strong force to the villages on the Maumee. A battle was soon afterwards fought on that stream below the mouth of the Au Glaize, in which the Indians were completely defeated. Perceiving no hope of successfully opposing the American arms, the confederated tribes now gladly listened to overtures of peace. In the following year, (1795,) a treaty was concluded at Greenville, which put an end to Indian hostilities, and secured to the western settlers a short interval of repose.

Relieved of the fear of savage warfare, a strong tide of emigration now flowed to the North-West Territory. In 1800, this Territory was divided into two parts, Ohio and Indiana, the latter of which embraced the present States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and the one which still bears the territorial name. The entire white population was about five thousand. It was divided into three counties, St. Clair, Wayne and Knox.

About the year 1800 new white settlements appear to have commenced on the Ohio below Cincinnati. Lawrenceburg was laid out in 1801, and Brookville about the year 1804; Jesse Brook Thomas being the original proprietor of the latter place. In 1805, Michigan was formed into a separate division, and over the remainder of the Indiana Territory, William H. Harrison was appointed Governor. This gentleman had previously occupied a seat in Congress as a delegate from the North-west Territory, having been elected to that office in 1799.

**Question for Commentators.**  
The N. Y. Tribune says: A citizen of German origin propounds the following pertinent questions:

"I. If the Republicans are to blame for the secession movement, who was to blame for the secession from the National Democratic Convention?"  
"II. If the Republicans are to blame for keeping up the present crisis by their unwillingness to compromise (which means concession) for the sake of the Union, why didn't the Douglas Democrats make concessions in the National Convention for the sake of the Union of the Democratic party?"

"III. Why didn't the Democratic party let the 'nigger question' alone (on which it split), and sacrifice their principles for the sake of the Union, when they knew perfectly well that the separation would cause their defeat?"  
"IV. If the South would not accept Popular Sovereignty as a compromise in the National Democratic convention, would they accept it now?"

**FOUR SITES, Feb. 20.**—Four counties in western Arkansas, Benton, Washington, Sebastian and Crawford, have elected Union delegates to the State Convention, by over four thousand majority. The majority against the Convention is about the same.

## Lincoln at New York.

President Lincoln arrived at New York on the 19th; about 500,000 people turned out to get a sight of him. In response to Mayor Wood's reception speech he uttered the following noble sentiments:

Mr. Mayor.—It is with feelings of deep gratitude that I make my acknowledgments for the reception which has been extended to me in the great commercial city of New York. I can but remember that such a reception is tendered by a people who do not by a majority agree with me in political sentiments. It is more grateful on this account, because it is an evidence that in support of the great principles that underlie our Government, the people are now or quite unanimous. In regard to the difficulties which encompass us at this time, and on which your Honor has thought fit to speak so becomingly and so justly, as I suppose, I can only say that I agree with the sentiments expressed by the Mayor. Of my devotion to the Union, I hope I am not behind any man in the Union; but in the wisdom necessary to so conduct affairs as to secure the preservation of the Union, I fear that I may be deficient, and that for great confidence may have been reposed in me.

I am sure, however, that I at least have a heart devoted to the Union. There is nothing which could ever bring me to consent willingly to the destruction of that Union under which not alone the great commercial city of New York, but the whole country, has acquired greatness, unless it should be the loss of that for which the Union itself was made. As I understand, the ship is made for the passengers and preservation of the cargo, and so long as the ship can be saved with the cargo it should never be abandoned. We should never cease in our efforts to save it so long as it can be done without throwing overboard the passengers and cargo. So long as the prosperity and liberty of this people can be preserved in the Union, it will be my purpose, and shall be my effort at all times to preserve the Union.

And now, Mr. Mayor, again thanking you for the reception which has been given me, allow me to close my remarks.

The utmost order and silence were preserved during the delivery of Mr. Lincoln's reply. At its close the members of the Common Council and of the City Government were introduced to the President elect, and then the police regulations were relaxed, the restraining chains removed, and the people allowed to invade the City Hall with a rush, and to fight and scramble their way to the door of the Governor's room. There two or three policemen were stationed, whose duty soon became extremely arduous, the crowd bearing them forward into the room, and the noise and confusion outside being beyond description. The scene inside the door of the Governor's room was ludicrous in the extreme.

Superintendent Kennedy exerted himself to the utmost to beat back the crowd who were admitted at the door, at the head of the main stairs, and found great success in the anti-chamber at the other end of the room. Men were pulled in by main force out of the crowd by the police, utterly unable to help themselves, with coats torn and hats demolished and lost.

In the heat of the excitement a female made her appearance, and was dragged through the doorway, with hoops and bonnet materially damaged. When introduced to Mr. Lincoln, she told him she was from Illinois, and though she had experienced a rough voyage, she would go through a tighter squeeze to see him.

The crowd was a motley one, rags and broadcloth being indiscriminately mixed, and filling into the room side by side to shake the Presidential hand. Ex-Mayor Harper came through the ordeal, and shaking Mr. Lincoln by the hand, admitted that their personal had done him injustice.

Immediately after the Ex-Mayor, came one of the secretaries, and other citizens of New York, and thus the crowd continued to pour in until one o'clock, when the audience closed, and Mr. Lincoln returned to his apartments at the Astor House, leaving a large number of the "Sovereign people" of the city with heads still unshaken. Before leaving the City Hall, Mr. Lincoln appeared on the balcony in response to calls and said:

Faithfully.—I do not appear for the purpose of making a speech.—I design making no speech. I came merely to see you and allow you to see me; and I have to say to you, as I have said frequently to audiences on my journey, that in the light I have the best of the bargain. Assuming that you are all for the Constitution [cheers], and the perpetual liberties of this people. I bid you farewell.

On returning to the Astor House, he had interviews with Hamilton Fish, Col. Fremont and about one hundred other gentlemen. Mr. Lincoln visited Barnum's Museum this afternoon, and to-night attended the Opera. He has declined an invitation to visit Brooklyn.

**Florida "Done Up."**  
The Seymour Times chronicles the withdrawal of Florida from the Union in the following racy style:

Florida, that water-logged continuity of interminable fog ponds and fens, where the bull-turtle basks unmolested, and where alligators and scorpions and sea-serpents hold everlasting carnival over the dead carcasses of runaway negroes, has initiated the noble example of South Carolina, and taken itself out of this accursed Union; for the which may the devil have honor and glory and praise both now and forevermore, world without end, amen! Selah! We paid five millions of dollars for the market swamp called Florida, and expended fifty millions more in ridding it of "niggers" and alligators. But our Constitution was entirely too oppressive for a country mainly under water, and whose population consists of thorned frogs, venomous insects, maddening tortois, gallinippers, lizards, bat constrictors, and a few Democrats in a state of nudity. And so we are suddenly though not unshakably rid of the whole quagmire—"niggers," alligators, "niggers," Democrats, bull-toads, and all. Capital!

## FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—After rejecting several amendments offered, among them that of Mr. Lane, the Senate to-day passed the Tariff bill. Ayes—Anthony, Baker, Bingham, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Doolittle, Durkee, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, King, Morrill, Seward, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilson—22. Nays—Bragg, Clingman, Douglas, Green, Hunter, Johnson of Arkansas, Johnson of Tennessee, Lanz, Latham, Nicholson, Pearce, Powell, Rice, Sebastian—14.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—In the Peace Conference to-day, Messrs. David Dudley Field and James C. Smith of New York, made strong speeches against compromise. An attempt will be made to force a vote. The result is doubtful. The Virginia delegation to-day gave notice that the next movement will be a convention of the Southern States; the adoption of the Constitution of the United States with guarantees, and an invitation to all sister States to join the Confederacy.

Advices from Richmond state that Stanton's Force Bill had created great excitement in the Virginia Convention. The members of Congress have changed their policy, and will allow Stanton's bill to pass, and throw the responsibility on its friends.

There is trouble in the French legation owing to contradictory advices sent to Paris. The Minister, Mr. Mercier, who is imbued with secession sentiments, having sent home reports conflicting with official advices, from consuls and other sources, explanations have been required. Baron Stockol, the Russian Minister, also sympathizes with secession.

Dispatches from Europe announce the determination of the European powers to abide by the fixed policy of recognizing no new Government before its recognition by the government from which it has separated.

Police regulation for the inauguration are completed. A large number of police now attend the way trains between Washington and Baltimore, and Baltimore police are on duty on the Philadelphia road.

## Lincoln at Indianapolis.

The following is the substance of Mr. Lincoln's remarks from the balcony of the Bates House, which has produced such a flutter among the traitors and their Northern aiders and abettors:

He said he came here to thank Indiana for the support she gave to a true and just cause. Coercion and invasion are terms much used now with temper and hot blood. Let us not misunderstand their meaning nor the meaning of those who use them. Let us get the meaning from men who do not deceive the meaning they would represent from their use. What is the meaning of these words? Would marching an army into South Carolina with hostile intent be invasion? I think it would, and it would be coercion also if South Carolina were forced to submit; but if the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts and collect duties, or withhold its mails where they were violated, would any or all these things be invasion or coercion? Do professional Union lovers, who are resolved to resist coercion, understand that such things as these on the part of the United States would be coercion or invasion? If they do, their idea of preservation is exceedingly thin and airy.

In this view, the Union, as a family relation, would seem to be no regular marriage, but a sort of free-love arrangement, to be maintained by personal attraction. In what consists the special sacredness of a State? I speak not of the position assigned to a State in the Union by the Constitution, for that we all recognize. If a State and county possess equality in territory and inhabitants, in what, as a matter of principle, is the State better than the county? Would an exchange of men be an exchange of rights upon principle? By what rightful principle may a State, being not more than one-fiftieth part of the nation in soil and population, break up the nation and then coerce the larger division of itself? What mysterious right to play the tyrant is conferred on a district or county by merely calling it a State?

Mr. Lincoln, in conclusion, said he was not asserting anything, but asking questions for them to consider and decide in their own minds, what was right and what was wrong.

**Ethel Spake's Plan.**  
Ethel Spake, the regular successor to Major Downing, has issued his plan of compromise, which he proposes to send to Washington by the hands of George Latimer of the Boston Courier. The essential items of the plan are: "The removal of the Missouri line as far north as the St. Lawrence river, all south of that to be devoted to slavery; a declaration by the Republicans that they are sorry they elected Lincoln and are willing to be forgiven; the public burning of the Chicago platform, and such portions of the Bible as seem to conflict with slavery; the removal of Bunker Hill Monument to South Carolina; the immediate massacre of all free negroes in the northern states; the perpetual banishment of Garrison, Phillips, Abby Folsom, Daniel Pratt, Mrs. Bloomer and Caleb Cushing; to Libria; & Pluribus Unum to be amended so as to read E Pluribus Carolina; the turkey buzzard to be substituted for the American eagle; Major Anderson to be hung; the stars to be obliterated from the national ensign; and a bale of cotton substituted; Howell Cobb to be made president and Gov. Floyd secretary of the treasury; only two newspapers to be allowed in the free States—the New York Day Book and the Eastern Argus; the New England pulpits to be controlled by Censors appointed by Senator Wigfall; the old hats of Kevern, Jeff Davis and Xanor, shall be set up in the market places of the more rebellious northern cities; and every person refusing obedience have his nose flattened by a painted black and cold iron slavery. If after this liberal offer our southern brethren shall continue contumacious and insist upon cutting our throats, then, in the spirit of '76, let us muster in our strength and—run away."

## KISSED BY MISTAKE.

"Will you be at home to-night, Hetty?" and the speaker, a tall, muscular, well-looking young farmer, reached to the very roots of his hair, as though he had committed some very wicked act instead of asking a simple question.

He was bashful, extremely so was Josiah Hawley; at least in the presence of young ladies; most of all, in the presence of the girl he loved. No young farmer in all the country possessed a better kept farm, or talked with more confidence among his compeers of stock and crops, and on kindred subjects. But the glimpse of some pretty face, or foot, coming in his direction, affected him like a flash of lightning. On such occasions he never knew what to do with his hands and eyes; and always felt like screwing himself into a mouse-hole. How he ever contrived to approach Hester Thomas on the subject of his preference for her, probably remains to this day as much a mystery to himself as it is to others.

But that young lady had quite an amount of tact and cleverness stored away somewhere in her pretty little head, albeit it was not set on the dimpled, inexperienced shoulders of seventeen. Josiah was worth in a worldly way, much more than any of her other suitors; good-looking and intelligent enough to satisfy any but an over-fastidious person; unexceptionable in short, barring his excessive bashfulness which was a fruitful source of merriment among the young people in the little circle. And so when Josiah in his awkward, blundering way began to exhibit his preference for her in various little ways, such as waiting on her to and from singing school, constituting himself her escort when she rode on horseback to the solitary church in the woods, and singling her out at quilting parties, Hetty took it all in the pleasantest manner possible. The girls laughed, and the young men cracked silly jokes at the expense of her timid suitor; but Hetty stood up for him very independently—encouraged him out of his shyness—never noticed any unfortunate blunder—and very kindly helped him along considerably when his feelings reached the "culminating point," one moonlighted autumn evening as they were walking home together from prayer meeting.

That was just a week ago. Hetty had said "Yes," and agreed to "bring father and mother as usual." Josiah had not been to the house since, probably feeling very much like a dog venturing upon the premises of the person whose sheep-fold he has just plundered. As yet neither had the courage to speak to the "reigning powers" on the subject; and Hetty feeling as if she wished to put the ordeal off as long as possible, at any rate to have one more confidential talk with him on the subject, said:

"Mother is going over to Aunt Ruth's to spend the evening, and wants me to go. But I guess I won't. I've been working on father's shirts all day, besides doing the dairy work, and I'm as tired as can be. So I guess they'll have to go without me. Don't come till 8 o'clock. I shall be through putting things to rights then, and will let you in."

Of course, Josiah was not too obtuse to understand that, and forgot his bashfulness so far as to petition for a good-by kiss, which was promptly refused of course.

"No, I shan't. Do take yourself off.—Think I didn't see you fidgeting around Sarah Jones at Deacon Badger's yesterday evening? I've not forgotten that, sir!"

"Now Hetty—"

But the appeal was broken off by a tantalizing little laugh; and as he sprang forward to take a pleasant revenge on his tormentress, she slipped away and ran up the path to the house, where he saw her wave her hand as she disappeared within the kitchen porch; and then he turned from the gate and took the road homeward.

The tea things had been carried out, the table set back against the wall, the crumbs brushed from the clean home-made carpet and Hetty's work-table was drawn up in front of the blazing fire. A beautiful piled waiter of great red apple and plate of cracked walnuts were on it, in close proximity to Hetty's work-basket.

On one side of the fire sat Mrs. Thomas, fat and fair, and at peace with all the world, rocking and knitting, and refreshing herself at sundry intervals with a bite from a half-eaten apple that lay on the corner of the table and touching every now and then in a caressing manner with her foot a sleek, lazy-looking cat that purled and winked on the rug before her. Hetty sat on the other side sewing, and busy thinking how she should tell her mother that she expected a visitor. She would have given the world to be able to say in an off-hand manner that she expected Mr. Hawley to drop in about eight.

But she recollected with a shudder that she had tried to get the old lady to accompany her husband to Aunt Ruth's spite of her forebodings of a spell of neuralgia; how she had also pleaded headache as an excuse for not going herself. And she knew her mother was quite sharp enough to draw her own inferences from these facts and from her being dressed with unusual care to spend an evening at home.

"I shall not dare to tell her now. She'll be sure to think I wanted to get her out of the way so I might have Josiah all to myself, and I should never hear the last of it." And like a wise little puss she was silent.

"I'll venture my word on it, you would not have wondered at our young farmer's desperate enthrallment if you could have seen Hetty Thomas as she sat sewing by the fire-side that cold November night. Under pretext of being ready to go to her Uncle's, (a thing she had no idea of doing) she had, just before tea, indulged in an indiscriminate 'fixing up.' A neatly fitting dark calico, with the store look still on it; a fresh linen collar and tasteful black belt—these were the chief items of Hetty's toilet; but she looked as sweet and dainty in her plain dress as if hours had been spent in dressing; and she looked as fresh and bright as a new coin. Her rich hair, of the darkest auburn, dangled in shining folds down to her warm cheeks and was caught up in a cunning net behind.

How on her spruce ear against the back of her chair—now almost falling forward, and her fat hands lay listlessly in her lap, and her ball of yarn had rolled out upon the hearth, and puss was busy converting it into gordian knots.

And just then came a double rap at the door—so loud, sudden and self-assured, that Hetty started up with a little shriek, and set her foot on puss's tail, who in turn gave voice to her amazement and displeasure.

"The combined noise aroused Mrs. Thomas and, starting into an erect position, she rubbed her eyes, settled her cap-border, and exclaimed:

"Bless my soul Hetty, what was that?—Somebody at the door? Who can be coming here at this time of the night?"

"It's not late, mother—only a little past eight. I'll go and see who it is," says Hetty demurely, taking the candle from the table.

"No. Here, you wind up my ball and sweep the hearth, while I go to the door," says the old lady, whose feet were struggling in the perplexing meshes of the unraveled yarn. "Drat the cat!"

And all this time Josiah was standing on one foot out on the cold porch, with his hands in his overcoat pockets, wondering if Hetty had fallen asleep, and every now and then giving the door a smart tap by way of variety.

In her hurry, Mrs. Thomas forgot to take the candle, and as she stepped out into the little front entry, the sitting room door slammed after her. She had her hand on the handle of the hall door at the moment, and coming in she suddenly found herself in the embrace of a stout pair of arms; a whiskered face in close proximity to her own; and before she could think about the strangeness of her situation, she received a prolonged kiss—a hearty smack—full upon her virtuous matron lips.

"O murder! 'Taint Obadiah, neither!" She said by this time divested herself of the impression that it was her usually sober spouse, who must have come home in an unusually exalted condition, thus to indulge in such unwonted expressions of affection.

"Get out! Get out, I say! Who are you, anyhow? Murder! thieves! Hetty! come here! Here's a man kissing me like mad!"

But the intruder had by this time discovered his mistake; it did not need the indignant pummeling and scratching of the old lady's vigorous fists to cause him to relinquish his hold, and fly as if pursued by some indignant ghost.

Hetty nearly choking with smothered laughter, in spite of her trepidation, now came to the rescue.

"I never was so frightened in all my life! The mean scamp! Who could it be? Hetty, have you any idea?"

But that dutiful daughter was to all appearance innocent as a suckling dove. She soothed the old lady by representing that it might have been one of the neighbors, who having drunk too much, had mistaken the house and the housewife. She searched the entry for the missing spectacles, dropped in the scuffle and arranged the rumpled cap-border; wound up the tangled yarn; stirred the fire—all in the most amiable manner possible; and at length had the satisfaction of seeing her mother subside into her chair and her accustomed tranquillity.

Mrs. Thomas was fully awake now.—She had a new idea in her head, and instead of settling herself for another nap she pursued the train of thought and her knitting, both at the same time with wonderful rapidity. At length, stopping and looking keenly at Hetty.

"I suppose it's a queer idea of mine Hetty, but I've a notion that man was 'Siah Hawley.' My! but if Hetty's face did not fire up then! You might have let it 'candle by it—These incipient symptoms did not escape the wary inquisitor.

"Pears so to me. 'Cause those big whiskers were so much like his; and the awkward way he gripped me with his great paws."

Hetty was wonderfully busy. She bent over her work and drew her needle through to rapidly that the thread snapped, and then she was so much engaged in threading her needle again, she didn't have time to answer.

"I don't believe that kiss was meant for me after all. Wonder who it was intended for; and wonder if you don't know something about it, Hetty?"

"Me, mother?"

"Yes, you Hetty. You was mighty anxious to get me and pap off to see Aunt Ruth this evening; but I noticed you were slicked up extraordinary, for all you weren't going."

"Now, Hetty, I'm gettin' old. I know it; but I haven't quite lost my eye-sight yet. I've heard something about this between you and 'Siah Hawley.' What are you playin' possum for? Out with it I say!"

Our little schemer then abjured, made a clean breast of the matter, much relieved to find that mother 'didn't nuthin' agin him,' and would 'give father a talk about it, and bring him round.'

## ASTONISHING DEVELOPMENTS.

ARREST AND CONFESSION OF THREE MEN FOR THE MURDER OF DR. ROWE, IN BENTON COUNTY, TWO YEARS AGO.

In the winter of 1858—a physician named Rowe, temporarily located in Oxford Benton county, twenty miles west of the city, and boarded at a hotel in that place kept by Mr. George King. A short time after his arrival there, he mysteriously disappeared under circumstances which led to the belief that he had been murdered by persons living in Oxford, and the body buried in one of the many swamps in the vicinity.